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# THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

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KANTURK CASTLE.

Kanturk, anciently called Ceann-tuire—i. e. a boar's head, from one of these animals having been slain there, after a long chase, by one of the Irish chieftains—is a fair and market town, in the county of Cork, about twenty-four miles north-west of the city: it belonged to a branch of the M'Carthys, called M'Donough, who forfeited his estate in 1641. In the reign of Elizabeth they erected a most magnificent pile near this place, the walls of which remain entire. It was a parallelogram, one hundred and twenty feet in length by eighty in breadth, flanked with four square buildings; but being represented to the Council as a place which might be made dangerous to government, the building was put a stop to, though far from being capable of being rendered subservient to that purpose. All the window-frames, quoins, beltings, and battlements were of hewn stone; and the whole made a most grand and regular appearance. This castle, with the town and manor of Kanturk, gave title of Viscount to the Egmont family, under whose patronage it is now considerably improved and extended. Fairs are held in May, July, November, and December. As, in the Emerald Isle, there is scarcely a town or village, streamlet or castle, that is not associated with some romantic or characteristic tale, the following description of that wit and humour so strongly abounding in the Irish character, may not be undeserving of record;

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BASTABLE AND HOLY FOWKS.

Beneath the walls of M'Donough's Folly, a name given to the old ruined castle of Kanturk, from the vast extent of preparation and want of adequate means in the original projector, M'Donough, to complete the work, runs or rather glides the Brogeen, or Blue Pool, as it is called, from a load of coloured glass which upset and shattered in crossing the ford, and which was destined to adorn the windows of the rising court, but which, according to an old prophecy in the neighbourhood, was fated never to be finished. This interesting stream, after supplying the valuable bolting-mill of Mr. Barry, disembogues into the Alla, a river whence the extensive barony of Duhallo derives its name.

By the aborigines and seanachists of the country, the old court, built about the year 1564, is called, *Cuirr carrig na Seaghan saor*, from the builders employed being all of the name of John, or as some more knowing ones must have it, because the master, in his lordly and feudal pride, pressed not only his neighbours but every passing stranger to work at the building gratis, or, in case of refusal, his life was the forfeit, and his blood was cast, as an additional cement, into the mortar; and sure, gentle reader, it is no great wonder that a heavy curse should hang for ever on such an undertaking. But it was not from the dark overshadowing of even such a castle, nor from the broken and glittering crystal embedded in its pebbly bottom, that the Brogeen acquired notoriety,

but from the following circumstance, which, for a long time, kept the adjacent country in a roar, and filled the wide hearths of Duhallo with merriment and gratitude, at the happy and comic termination of what threatened to be a tragedy indeed.

In the Autumn of 17—, lived a gentleman of ancient and respectable family, named Fowks, in the town of Kanturk: his wit and drollery were so proverbial, that he was a universal favourite with all classes, high or low, in the surrounding neighbourhood. A feast, wedding, or christening, for fifty miles round, was not worth a traheen without him; and a patron, or gala day was splendourless and gloomy, unless, like the quivering sunbeam, Holy Fowks, as he was surnamed, was there to cheer and gladden the scene.

By one of those strange accidents of life, which sometimes yokes the lion and the lamb, or brings fire and water into contact, our hero became the intimate acquaintance of Mr. Bastable, a gentleman residing within a few miles of the town: their dispositions were wide as the poles asunder; for while the one possessed all the native elasticity and genuine humour of the Irish character—the other, of Scottish origin, seemed to inherit all the gloom and reservedness of his ancestors, without the many redeeming qualities which often distinguish them: he was a bodach—dark, sullen, credulous and irritable; fond of “tales of days gone by,” and a great admirer of the miraculous and astonishing. Between such a pair the best understanding existed for some time, till one day, returning from hunting, the discourse happened to turn on the natural curiosities of the country, and the wonderful though well authenticated properties attributed to certain raths, caves, or tobars in the vicinity. The evening was about to close, and the faint twilight, that still rendered visible the beauties of the nether world, seemed to invite the genius of superstition to walk forth, and claiming as her own the peculiar hour, assert her awful and uncontrolled dominion over the minds of her votaries.

“Hold!” cried Fowks, suddenly starting, and filled, as if by unearthly inspiration, he grasped the arm of his startled companion; “seek not in remote districts—travel not into other lands for evidence of that which lies at our own doors. Look there at the Brogeen—see the peculiar aspect of the old cursed and unfinished court that darkles and frowns over it like the evil genius of the spot. See the strange curl of its rippling waters, and listen for a moment to the shrill whistle of the breeze that floats along its surface.”

Bastable, struck with the emphasis of the words, and prone, from his childhood, to listen to every well told story, eagerly asked what was told of the stream—all his old fairy reminiscences were uppermost in his thoughts, and at the moment the fearful melody of the banshee, or the chirping of the leprawaun sounded in his imagination.

“The thing,” said Fowks, “is not very generally known; but alight, and let us judge for ourselves. Step across to the opposite bank—call me as loud as you can, and all the powers on earth could not make me hear you.”

Bastable did as he was desired—he called long and loud, but in vain; for though he roared loud as Tim Connor’s bull, or the cascade of O’Sullivan, still Holy Fowks would not pretend to hear him. The astonished Bastable returned back.

“Well, Mr. Fowks, ’tis strange I never heard of this before, though so long in the neighbourhood; but, to be doubly sure, do you cross over now and cry out, to try if I could hear you.”

Fowks crossed, and opening his mouth, with various contortions, he seemed to call out most violently, pretending to do all in his power to make himself heard, yet at the same time, like one of Virgil’s Tartarean shadows, not a single syllable or the slightest sound ever escaped his lips.

Bastable, deeply impressed with the marvellous, and struck with the magic properties of the Brogeen, soon after parted from his companion, and returned home to muse on what he had not heard, but seen.

At a select meeting of convivial friends, on that very

night, Holy Fowks related the joke, with many circumstances of aggravation—it soon spread like wild-fire through the country. Bastable and the Brogeen associated together, and badgered about without mercy, became a bye word of ridicule, and the unfortunate wight was pointed at, even by the little gossoons and cailinogs, as the greatest omadhawn in the parish. This was more than human nature could bear. Bastable became outrageous, and nothing but the blood of the aggressor could atone for the insult. A challenge ensued, the day of combat was named, and it was arranged that they should fight, ‘secundem morem,’ with swords, and on horseback. It was a holiday; and as an affair of such importance could not be a secret in the barony, a living stream issued forth from every dale and valley, or rushed, at break of morn, like a torrent, from each of the surrounding hills. Men, women, and children ran with eagerness to see the sport; and though cold-blooded, preconcerted duels were held in utter abhorrence, as they should be, by the good people of Kanturk, yet, on this occasion, tragedy was instinctively forgotten, and all looked forward to something strange and frolicsome wherever Fowks was an interested party. The eventful day was come; and oh, Mr. Editor! could you but figure to yourself such a day—so replete with sunshine and bustle, with æthereal glory, and earthly anticipation.

Jack Mc’Carthy, from Newmarket, on his one-eyed Rozinante, led in a numerous tribe of his fellow-townsmen. His handsome bit of a doe-skin breeches and leather gaiters just peered out, to astonish the vulgar, from beneath his big frieze cotamor, made to keep out the summer’s heat as well as the winter’s cold; his blooming daughter, Mary, was pillioned in state behind him, and ever and anon, as he passed Teigue Leary’s little public-house, where a swinging sign proclaimed that ample accommodation was to be found for man and horse, he tickled his jauned steed with his one spur, and cracked his loaded whip in token of his gallantry and independence. Here the nucleus of the assembly was to be seen; and while the neighbours from Mill-street and Mushra, Kilcorney and Clonmeen were regaling themselves with a drop of drink, Owen Beecher, the speaker of the seven parishes, was telling the history of all the girls of the district, every one of whose names and dowries he had deeply notched in his oaken staff, to a select pack of dalheens, who encircled him in the extreme corner of the tap-room.

“This,” said he, in answer to a chuckling querist, and pointing to a deep cut in his wooden tablet, is “Maire bhan, who rides so nately to-day behind her honest father, Jack Carty; and shure a dacent man never peeled a pratee. He has fifty acres for half nothin’; five featherbeds and a fine bawn of cows; and, beyant all, ’tis he that is good and charitable to the stranger and bocach; and Maire herself was three seasons with her aunt in Cork, and, barring that she is a taste purblind, she is the natest and best cailin in the parish.” But here the garrulity of Owen was suddenly interrupted by a loud shout from without, announcing the arrival of one of the combatants. ’Twas Holy Fowks, wrapped in a large travelling cloak, and mounted on his little chesnut mare, that pranced with unusual agility, as if conscious of the important part she and her master were destined to perform. Loud and hearty were the huzzas which greeted his approach, and the cead mile failte, that met him at every turn, showed that he was the people’s favourite. The welkin scarcely ceased to ring, when a buz from the opposite direction gave notice of Bastable’s proximity, armed, ‘en chevalier’ cap a pee.

“A bright sword in his hand, and such fire in his eye, Determined in battle to conquer or die.”

A few of his associates, unable to dissuade him from setting his life on a venture, and still loath to abandon him in the hour of trial, accompanied him, rather reluctantly, to the sod. They felt that, after all, ’twas but a joke, and trembled at the headlong violence and reckless anger of their friend; but, no, Bastable considered his honour deeply wounded, and eager to repair it in his adversary’s blood, he drew his sword, and flung down the gauntlet of defiance. Fowks, cool and determined, am-

bled forward, with an arch smile on his countenance, to meet him, still enveloped in his cloak. "Ca bhail a chloidheamh," muttered the astonished crowd, when they saw him, apparently unarmed, going to meet the fatal stroke of his enraged antagonist.

"Na bi heigal ort," replied Jemmie, the fool, who, with an old soldier's cap and a scarlet jacket, marched up and down the course as a sentinel, shouldering the felled branch of a lime tree, with all the pomp and pride imaginable, "na bac leish a vourneen—'tis he that will pull the sword out," "go luath, my darlins, 'tis he will cut the world afore him."

The words were scarcely uttered when Fowks, who was now arrived within a short distance of his opponent, by a sudden jerk flung the cloak from his shoulders, and exhibited, to the wonder of all, not a flaming scimitar, not a pointed lance or a Cossack spear, but what the sequel shewed was a better, though a bloodless weapon, a long pole, at the top of which was fastened a blown bladder containing some dried pease; this he pointed at his enemy, and rushing forward with a mighty shout, he shook the bladder close at the head of Bastable's mettlesome charger. The noble animal, unaccustomed to so strange a salute, suddenly took to the right about, and, notwithstanding the rage and exertions of his maddened and outwitted master, he bore him fairly off the field, flying, as if old Nick was at his heels, still pursued by Holy Fowks, shaking his undoubted weapon, and calling out in the most ludicrous and earnest tone,

"Oh, Mr. Bastable—oh, you coward, won't you wait to fight me?"

But no—poor Bastable was carried off, nolens volens, through brambles and ditches, bogs and quagmires, to his home, tired, vexed and disappointed; and that which he thought would crown him with immortal honour, heaped disgrace and ridicule a thousand fold on his devoted head. Fowks was carried off in triumph. The incomparable tale was told, aye, and even to this day is told over many a sparkling bowl, or at the winter's fire side. Fowks, who was really good-natured and desirous of a reconciliation, made several advances to effect it afterwards, but in vain; and though he tendered an ample apology, as a salvo for the wounded spirit, and employed many intercessors to make up the breach, all would not do. The dart had pierced into his very soul—he pined beneath the weight of his fancied misery; and poor Bastable, a burden to himself, and secluded from the world, died an old bachelor.

Cork.

O. F.

#### POPULAR LECTURES ON THE PHYSIOLOGY OF ANIMALS.

*The following is an abstract of Dr. Henry's third Lecture:*

(The Skin continued.)

It had been long supposed that the skin absorbed foreign substances readily, and carried them into the circulation, but accurate and recent experiments show that the skin does not absorb, or absorbs very sparingly, unless the outer skin be removed or wounded, (as in the case of inoculation), or the substance be made to penetrate by much rubbing, as in the application of mercurial ointments. Hence it is impossible, in cases of impeded deglutition, to maintain life by immersing the patient in baths of milk or broth. The skin is an organ capable of receiving and transmitting impressions of various kinds. We proceed to consider the effects of different agents on it. When cold is applied in a moderate degree with some permanency to the skin, it diminishes—first, the vascularity; secondly, the sensibility; thirdly, the perspiration of the part: these effects are accompanied by very uncomfortable sensations, both bodily and mental. On removing the cooling cause, what is called *reaction* takes place; the part becomes redder and warmer, the sensibility and perspiration increase, the feelings become more agreeable, and a certain degree of lightness and invigoration of spirits is experienced. The reaction is proportioned to

the cold applied. If the cold has been but of momentary application, as in the shower-bath, the reaction is immediate, of short duration, and moderate in degree. The shower-bath may, therefore, be used by very delicate persons who have small powers of reaction. The reaction being always proportioned to the depression and the depression being proportioned to the length of time for which the cold is applied, persons with small power of reaction cannot endure the long continued cold of the common bath. In such persons there is not sufficient power of reaction, and the depressing effects of the cold continue after the bath, the individual remaining chilly, with face, and hands, and feet white or blue, the vessels being emptied, or the blood stagnating in them. In such cases, when at last reaction does commence, it is excessive in proportion to the excess of the preceding depression—there is head-ache—sometimes inflammation of an internal organ—not unfrequently actual fever. From this principle useful rules may be drawn respecting the cold bath.

1.—The time for which the individual stays in the water must be proportioned to his powers of reaction. 2.—The cold bath should never be used immediately after a meal, because the powers of life are called to the stomach, and the skin is in a less energetic state, and less fit for reaction. 3.—We should never bathe while chilly, but rather when warm, or gently perspiring, otherwise there is no shock. If in good health, an individual, provided he does not remain long in the water, may bathe with safety, even when perspiring copiously. This is the common practice of the Russians. Above all things never go into the cold bath when fatigued, for during fatigue the powers of life are less capable of reaction: a violation of this rule nearly cost Alexander the Great his life, when he bathed in the Cydnus after a fatiguing day's march. The cold air-bath is seldom taken in this country, notwithstanding the recommendation and example of Dr. Franklin. The air-bath is particularly useful at night, when the skin is hot, and the mind nervous and agitated, and sleep banished from the pillow. You should on such occasions rise, and walk about the room in your night-dress for five or ten minutes—wash your face and hands in cold water, swallow a mouthful or two of cold water, and return to bed, composure and sleep will almost invariably follow. When cold is long continued and severe, particularly when persons are at the same time undergoing fatigue, as in struggling against a snow storm, torpor, and sleep terminating in death, are produced. In many cases, where this termination does not take place, some parts of the body, as the nose, fingers, and toes, die from excess of cold. If the danger is discovered before the part is actually killed by the cold, a new danger arises, that of reaction: the reaction, if excessive, will produce the death of the part. Hence it is necessary, instead of applying warmth, to endeavour to bring back the circulation by rubbing with snow first, and then with cold water.—The object of the warm bath is quite different from that of the cold; its use is to increase the quantity of blood in the part, to soothe the sentient surface of the skin, and to promote the perspiration. By the warm bath these objects are obtained without reaction; it is therefore suited for those from whom reaction could not be expected, and in cases where reaction would be injurious. It may be taken soon after meals, and was much used by the ancient Romans to counteract the ill effects of repletion. It may also be employed in cases of extreme fatigue, but never at a temperature exceeding 98°, or for a longer time than twenty minutes. From the circumstance that baths were formerly used at too high a temperature, and that such a use of them was sometimes followed by a bad consequence, has arisen the popular prejudice, that the warm bath debilitates and exposes to the danger of catching cold; these effects are never produced unless the bath has been taken at too high a temperature, or has been remained in for too long a time. Tepid bathing is practised on the continent much more than in these countries. At Leuk, in the Vallais, the bathers spend whole days in the baths. The baths are very spacious, and the bathers, both ladies and gentlemen, spend whole days in them—the former perusing novels or working at